

# RAW-HIDE KID

## FACES "the DEADLY DRAW of MISTER LIGHTNING!"

OUR TENSE TALE OPENS WITH THE RAWHIDE KID PURSUED BY A THREE-MAN POSSE AS HE SIGHTS A TRAVELLING CARNIVAL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...

LOOKS LIKE MY LUCKY DAY! I OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO LOSE THOSE JASPER'S FOLLOWIN' ME IN THAT CROWD YONDER!

STORY:  
STAN LEE  
ART:  
JACK DAVIS  
LETTERING:  
ART SIMEK



MIGHTY MARVEL WESTERN is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published 7 times a year. Copyright © 1972 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Vol. 1, No. 21, November, 1972 issue. Price 20¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Rawhide Kid reprinted courtesy of Atlas Magazines Inc. Copyright © 1962. Kid Colt reprinted courtesy of Leading Magazine Corp. Copyright © 1965. Two Gun Kid reprinted courtesy of New-Funn Publishing Corp. Copyright © 1963. Printed in the U.S.A. by World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Illinois 62288. Subscription rate \$2.75 for 12 issues. Canada \$3.25. Foreign \$4.50.



DURN THE  
LUCK! WE  
LOST 'IM!

AS LONG AS I STAY  
HERE IN THE CROWD,  
I RECKON I'LL BE  
SAFE!



MIGHT AS WELL  
ENJOY  
THE  
SHOW  
WHILE  
I'M  
HERE!

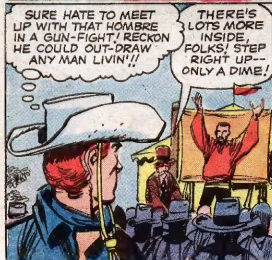
PREESENTING  
--MISTER  
LIGHTNING!



THE FASTEST  
JUGGLER IN  
THE WHOLE  
WORLD!



THE FASTEST-  
MOVING MAN  
ON THE FACE  
OF THE EARTH!  
HIS HANDS  
ARE FASTER  
THEN YOUR  
EYES!



SURE HATE TO MEET  
UP WITH THAT HOMBRE  
IN A GUN-FIGHT! RECKON  
HE COULD OUT-DRAW  
ANY MAN LIVIN'!!

THERE'S  
LOTS MORE  
INSIDE,  
FOLKS! STEP  
RIGHT UP--  
ONLY A DIME!



SURE LIKE TO  
STAY AND SEE 'IM,  
BUT THIS IS A  
GOOD TIME FOR  
ME TO MAKE  
TRACKS!

AS HE GALLOPS  
OFF, LITTLE  
DOES THE KID  
REALIZE THAT  
**MISTER LIGHTNING**  
WILL SOON BE THE  
MOST  
DANGEROUS  
FOE HE HAS  
EVER FACED!

LATER THAT DAY...

HERE'S YOUR WEEK'S  
PAY, **MISTER LIGHTNING**!  
... TWENTY DOLLARS!

DON'T SEEM LIKE IT'S  
ENOUGH FOR ME!

YORE A **FOOL**,  
**MISTER**  
**LIGHTNING**!  
YOU COULD  
MAKE LOTS  
**MORE** THAN  
THAT IF YOU  
WERE SMART!

THAT SO, YOU OLD  
GOAT?? SUPPOSE  
YOU TELL ME **NOW**!

**EASY!** ANY HOMBRE  
AS FAST AS **YOU**  
WOULD BE A HOLY  
TERROR WITH A  
SIX-GUN!

YOU'RE TALKIN'  
THRU YOUR HAT!  
I DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
GUNS!

MEBBE NOT, BUT  
IT SURE WOULD  
BE WORTH YORE  
WHILE TO **LEARN**!  
A HOMBRE WHO'S  
FAST AS **YOU**  
COULD MAKE A  
**FORTUNE!**

THE OLD GOAT MAY BE  
**RIGHT!** WHAT KIND OF  
SALARY IS TWENTY  
DOLLARS FOR A MAN  
AS FAST AS **ME**??!

WITH MY BRAIN, I COULD  
PROBABLY LEARN TO  
HANDLE A GUN IN **NO**  
TIME! AND **NOBODY** WOULD  
BE FASTER ON THE DRAW!

I THINK I'LL JUST  
**QUIT** THE CIRCUS  
AND BUY ME A  
COUPLE OF COLTS!

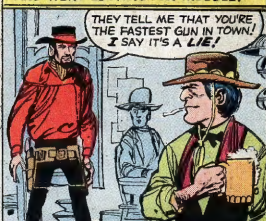




IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, MISTER LIGHTNING SPENT EVERY WAKING MINUTE PRACTICING HIS DRAW!



THEN AT LAST, WHEN HE FELT HE WAS READY, HE BUCKLED ON HIS GUN-BELT AND WENT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



AND SO IT BEGAN! **MISTER LIGHTNING** WENT FROM TOWN TO TOWN, ADDING TO HIS REP, FINDING EACH GUN DUEL EASIER THAN THE LAST...



IT AINT POSSIBLE!  
NOBODY CAN BE  
THAT FAST!

**MISTER  
LIGHTNING**  
CAN!

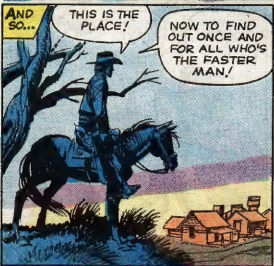
BUT WHEREVER HE WENT, THERE WAS **ONE** MAN'S NAME THAT STUCK IN HIS CRAW--THERE WAS ONE VICTORY HE STILL HAD NOT WON!

RECKON MR. LIGHTNIN'S THE FASTEST GUN EVER, 'CEPTIN' FOR THE RAWHIDE KID!



YEAH!

THE **RAWHIDE  
KID**, ALWAYS THAT  
NAME!!!



AND  
SO...

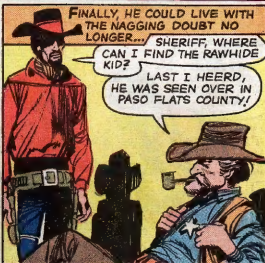
THIS IS THE  
PLACE!

NOW TO FIND  
OUT ONCE AND  
FOR ALL WHO'S  
THE FASTER  
MAN!

HE HIRED HIMSELF OUT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, SOMETIMES MAKING MORE MONEY FOR ONE GUN-FIGHT THAN HE COULD HAVE MADE AT THE CIRCUS IN A **MONTH!**



AFTER THIS SHOOT-  
OUT, I RECKON I'LL  
BE THE HIGHEST  
PAID GUNSLINGER  
IN THE WEST!



FINALLY, HE COULD LIVE WITH  
THE NAGGING DOUBT NO  
LONGER... SHERIFF, WHERE  
CAN I FIND THE RAWHIDE  
KID?

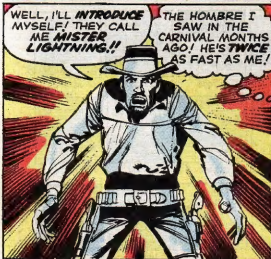
LAST I HEERD,  
HE WAS SEEN OVER IN  
PASO FLATS COUNTY!



FINALLY, **MISTER LIGHTNING** FOUND HIS  
MAN!

I BEEN **LOOKIN'** FOR YOU,  
KID!

YOU AINT THE  
**ONLY ONE!**



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



RECKON THIS IS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME! **NOW** MEBBE FOLKS WILL LEAVE ME ALONE-- MEBBE EVEN FORGET ABOUT ME!

I'M MIGHTY TIRED OF FIGHTIN' AND RUNNIN' ALL THE TIME! A MAN CAN JUST TAKE SO MUCH!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, THE KID MEETS AN OLD FRIEND ON THE TRAIL...

**SILENT BEAR!** YOU OL' HOUN' DOG! COME HERE AND SET A WHILE! HAVE SOME JAVA!

HOW, KID! IT IS GOOD TO BEHOLD YOU! I HEARD OF YOUR GUN-FIGHT WITH MISTER LIGHTNING!

I HAD FEARED FOR YOUR LIFE WHEN I HEARD HE OUT-DREW YOU!

AW, YOU SHOULD KNOW IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO KILL AN OLD RANNY LIKE ME! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENIN' AROUND THESE PARTS, AMIGO?

THEN YOU DO NOT KNOW?

**MISTER LIGHTNING** HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE AREA! HE ROBS AND STRIKES AT WILL! NO ONE CAN STOP HIM! IT IS A BAD THING, MY BROTHER!

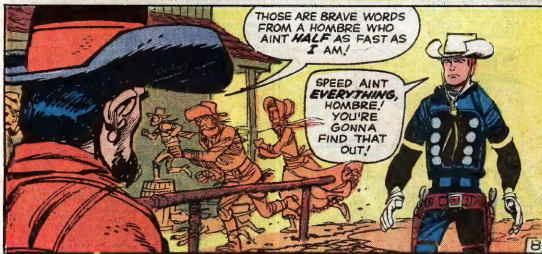
I SHOULD'A GUESSED!

EVEN NOW HE HOLDS THE TOWN OF RED GAP IN A GRIP OF FEAR AS HE VICTIMIZES THE DEFENSELESS PEOPLE! AND ALWAYS HE LEAVES BEFORE THE LAW CAN CATCH HIM!

HMMM, RED GAP'S ABOUT TWO HOURS RIDIN' FROM HERE!

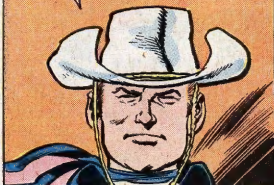
ALL RIGHT, YOU SLY OL' FOX! YOU DIDN'T RUN INTO ME BY ACCIDENT--YOU CAME TO GET ME-- TO SEND ME TO RED GAP! AND I'M GLAD YOU DID!

WISH ME LUCK, MY BROTHER!





ALL RIGHT, MISTER LIGHTNIN'!--  
I'M WAITIN'!! **MAKE YOUR  
PLAY!!**



**YUH FOOL!**  
I'M **FASTER'N**  
YOU! YOU  
**KNOW I AM!**

WHY ARE  
YUH **FACIN'**  
ME?? WHY  
AIN'T YUH  
**AFRAID??**

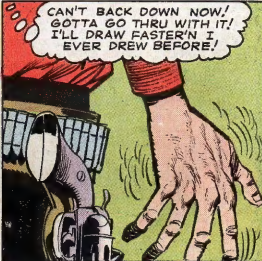


IF YOU'RE SO FAST, HOW COME  
YOU'RE **SHIVERIN'** THAT WAY??  
AIN'T GETTIN' **NERVOUS**, ARE YUH?

I DON'T **LIKE** IT!  
HE LOOKS TOO  
**SURE** OF  
HIMSELF!



CAN'T BACK DOWN NOW!  
GOTTA GO THRU WITH IT!  
I'LL DRAW **FASTER'N** I  
EVER DREW BEFORE!



**THERE!** FASTEST  
DRAW I EVER MADE!  
HE AIN'T EVEN  
**MOVED YET!**

B-BUT I FIRED  
TOO FAST!  
I **PLUMB**  
**MISSED 'IM!**



I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN  
A DOZEN TIMES  
BEFORE! A **HOMBRE**  
GETS **TOO FAST**  
FOR HIS OWN  
**GOOD!**

YOU DEPEND  
SO MUCH ON  
YOUR **SPEED**,  
YOU GET **CARE-**  
**LESS** WITH  
YOUR **AIM!**



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

AND THEN, AS MR. LIGHTNING GAZES HORRIFIED, TOO NERVOUS, TOO SHOCKED TO MAKE A MOVE, THE KID CALMLY, SMOOTHLY DRAWS HIS **OWN** AWESOME WEAPON...

I'M GONNA TRY SOMETHIN' I NEVER DID BEFORE!!

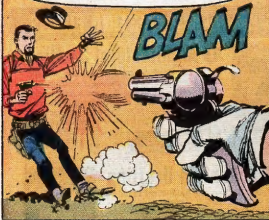


THEN, IN A BLAZE OF BLINDING SPEED, THE BEARDED GUN-FIGHTER **ALSO** DRAWS, AT THAT SAME SPLIT-SECOND, AND...



I DID IT! I WORKED IT OUT SO BOTH OUR BULLETS COLLIDED IN MID-AIR!!!

**BLAM**



HORRIFIED BY HIS CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH, THE LIGHTNING-FAST GUNMAN SUDDENLY GOES TO PIECES!

NO MORE! I GIVE UP!

I'LL NEVER DRAW ANOTHER GUN-- I SWEAR IT!!



I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! I'LL TAKE MY MEDICINE-- **ANYTHING!** BUT DON'T SHOOT ME!

GET ON YOUR FEET! IT AIN'T SEEMLY FOR A MAN TO KNEEL AND BEG!



I'LL TAKE OVER NOW! MR. LIGHTNING'S FINISHED-- FOR GOOD!

THERE ARE **MANY** WAYS TO USE A GUN, BUT THE **KID'S** IS BEST OF ALL-- NOT IN ANGER, NOT FOR GAIN, JUST TO HELP, THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!



**THE END**

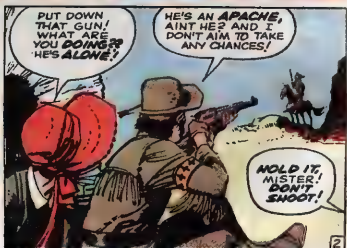
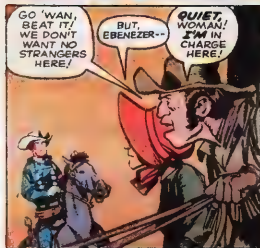
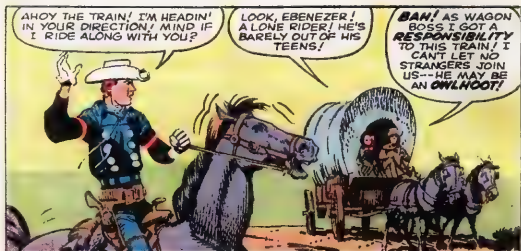
**RAW-  
HIDE  
KID**

# "PRISONER OF THE APACHES!"



MIGHTY MARVEL WESTERN is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 575 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y. 10022. Published 7 times a year. Copyright © 1972 by Magazine Management Co., Inc. Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved. 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Vol. 1, No. 22, January, 1973 issue. Price 20¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Rawhide Kid reprinted courtesy of Atlas Magazines Inc. Copyright © 1962. Kid Colt reprinted courtesy of Leading Magazine Corp. Copyright © 1965. Two Gun Kid reprinted courtesy of Non-Pareil Publishing Corp. Copyright © 1963. Printed in the U.S.A. by World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Illinois 62286. Subscription rate \$2.75 for 12 issues. Canada \$3.25. Foreign \$4.50.

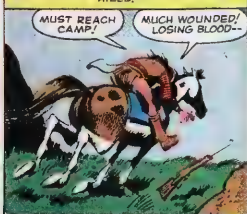




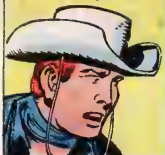
BUT THE KID'S CRY IS TOO LATE, AS--



DROPPING HIS WEAPON, THE WOUNDED APACHE TURNS AND GALLOPS FOR THE HILLS!



YOU FOOL! YOU  
FIRED ON A LONE  
INDIAN SCOUT! HE  
WASN'T AIMIN'  
TO HARM YOU!



MISTER, I HAD  
ENUFF OF YOUR  
LIP! NOW MAKE  
TRACKS OUTTA  
HERE AFORE I PUT  
A BULLET IN YOU,  
NEXT!



I'M BOSS OF THIS  
WAGON TRAIN, AND  
WHAT I SAY GOES!  
AND I SAY THE ONLY  
WAY TO KEEP THEM  
APACHES AWAY IS  
WITH BULLETS!



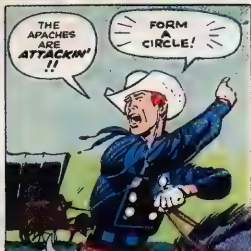
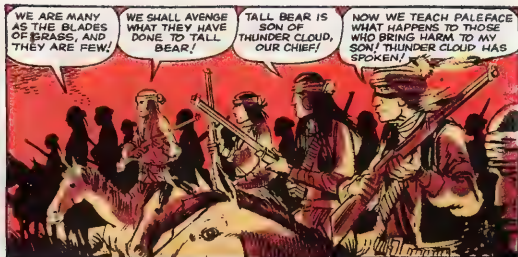
I DON'T CARE WHAT  
HAPPENS TO YOU,  
HOMBRE, BUT YOU GOT  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
IN THOSE WAGONS...



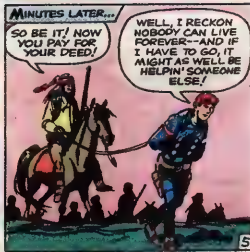
BUT AT THAT VERY MINUTE, NOT FAR  
AWAY... THE APACHE SIGNAL FOR AN  
ATTACK APPEARS IN THE SKY!

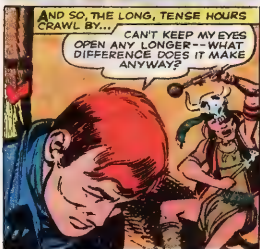
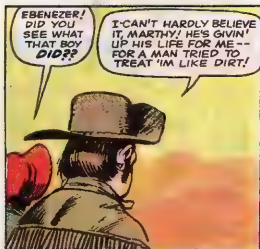


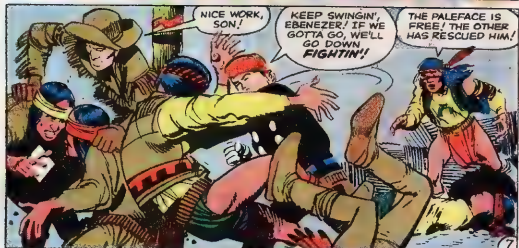
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





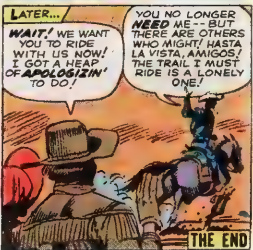
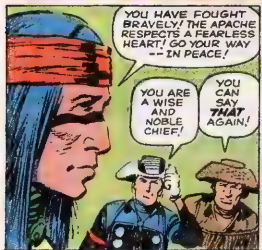
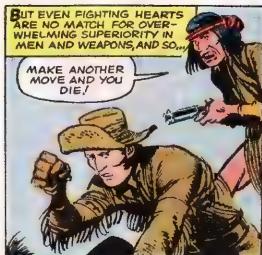






CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





# "MAN OF THE WEST!"

## EDITOR'S NOTE

OF ALL THE GREAT WESTERN "ADDED ATTRACTIONS" IN OUR MAGAZINES, *THIS* IS THE ONE WHICH HAS BEEN MOST PRAISED! AND SO, WE PRESENT IT AGAIN,\* WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE...

**T**HIS IS THE STORY OF MARK MORGAN! IT'S A TALE WITHOUT AN ENDING, BUT-- IT DOES HAVE A BEGINNING-- AND THIS IS IT! IT BEGINS WITH A WEARY, MUSCLESORE DRIFTER MAKING HIS WAY THRU THE GILA COUNTRY IN NEVADA-- A MAN NAMED MARK MORGAN!

SCRIPT:  
STAN LEE  
ART:  
JACK KIRBY  
INKING:  
DICK AYERS  
LETTERING:  
ART SIMEK

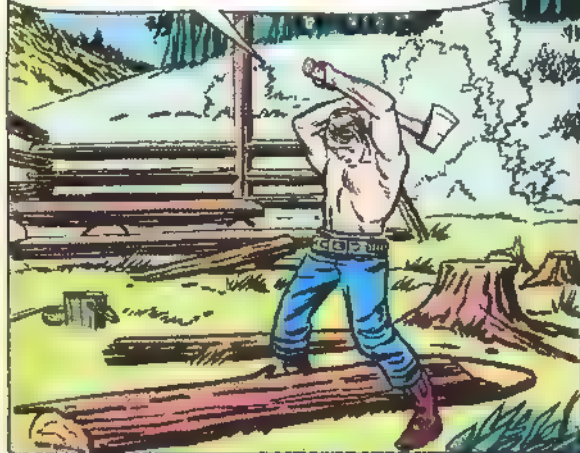
\* FORMERLY PRINTED IN RAWHIDE KID #34

THIS IS WHERE I'M GONNA BUILD  
ME A RANCH!



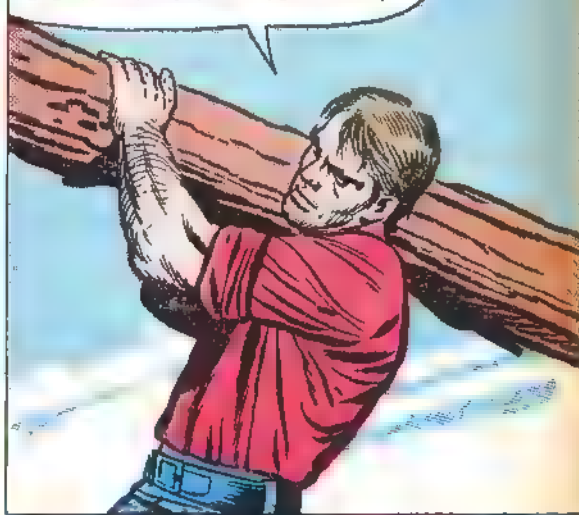
IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT! ONE LONE MAN IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS! BUT HE WASN'T REALLY ALONE, FOR HE HAD THREE GOOD FRIENDS, A FRONTIERSMAN'S HEART, AND TWO GOOD ARMS!

WHEN I'M DONE BUILDING THIS CABIN, IT WON'T BE A PALACE, BUT IT'LL SURE BEAT SLEEPIN' ON THE TRAIL!



DAY FOLLOWED DAY WITH MONOTONOUS REGULARITY...

IT'S COMIN' MIGHTY HARD-- BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO QUIT NOW!



FINALLY, THE JOB WAS DONE! MARK MORGAN HAD BUILT HIMSELF A HOME!

NOW TO PLANT ME SOME CROPS! CAN'T LIVE ON BERRIES ALL YEAR 'ROUND!



USING THE MOST PRIMITIVE, HOMEMADE TOOLS, MARK MORGAN BEGAN TO MOLD HIS LITTLE FARM, BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW AND THE VISION IN HIS HEART!

SHE'S COMIN' ALONG-- IT'S SLOW AND HARD, BUT I'M GETTIN' THERE!



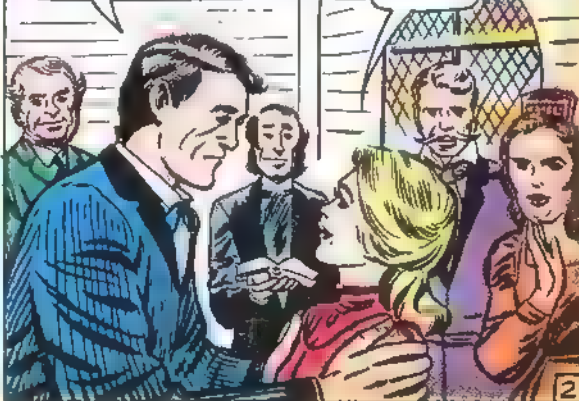
AND, WHEN HIS CROPS WERE PLANTED, THERE WAS STILL ONE MORE THING THAT NEEDED DOING...

I'M HOPIN' THAT LITTLE BLUE-EYED GAL I MET A WHILE BACK IN GILA FALLS IS STILL THERE-- AND I'M HOPIN' SHE'S STILL UNMARRIED!



SHE WAS STILL LIVING THERE, AND SHE WAS STILL UNMARRIED-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!

IT'LL BE A HARD LIFE, NANCY! BUT, WITH YOU, WE'LL BUILD US A WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER, MARK! JUST WAIT AND SEE!

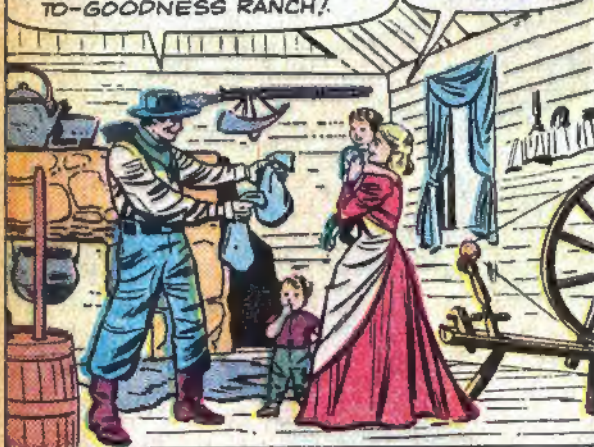




EXACTLY THREE YEARS LATER, MARK MORGAN HAD AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE TO HIS WIFE AND TWIN SONS...

LOOK! I MADE ENOUGH MONEY SELLIN' OUR CROPS TO BUY US SOME LIVESTOCK! NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS RANCH!

OH, MARK! IT'S WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF!



BUT THINGS DIDN'T ROLL ALONG SMOOTHLY FOR VERY LONG! AS THE GILA TERRITORY BEGAN TO GROW, THE RED MAN BECAME FEARFUL OF LOSING HIS HOMELAND... AND HE STRUCK OUT AT THE ISOLATED WHITE SETTLERS WITH SAVAGE FURY!



AIEEEEEEE! ATTACK! LET THE PALEFACE FEEL OUR WRATH!

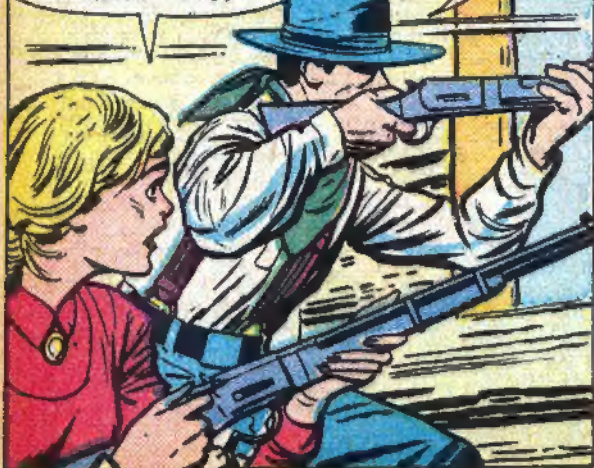


BOLT THE DOOR! GRAB A RIFLE! IT'S INJUNS!



MARK! WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN THE AMMUNITION RUNS OUT??

WHAT WILL WE DO?--



WE'LL PRAY!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE..



FORTUNATELY, THE AMMO *DIDN'T* RUN OUT--NOT THAT TIME, NOR THE MANY OTHER TIMES THAT THE WARRIORS ATTEMPTED SURPRISE ATTACKS!

THEY'RE GIVING UP!  
THEY'RE LEAVING!

OH, MARK--YOU'VE  
BEATEN THEM!



BUT TRAGEDY CAN STRIKE IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS... SUCH AS FOUR YEARS LATER, AFTER A SUDDEN ILLNESS...

BE GOOD TO  
OUR SON,  
LORD!

YOU MUST BE BRAVE NOW,  
TIM! YOU'RE THE ONLY YOUNG  
ONE WE HAVE LEFT!



YES, MANY WERE THE MISFORTUNES WHICH BEFELL THE EARLY SETTLERS, AND MARK WAS NO LUCKIER THAN THE OTHERS...

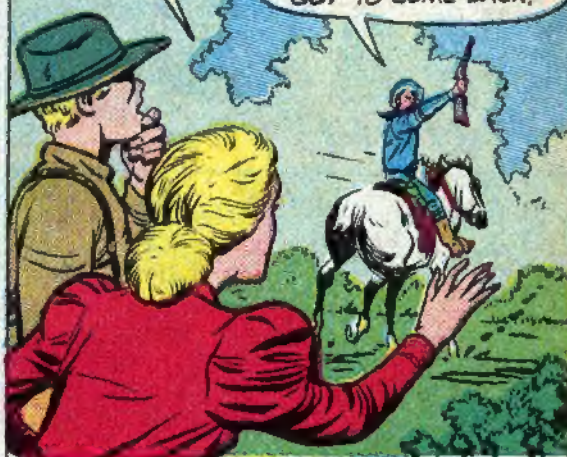
MARK! WHAT IS  
IT? I-I HEARD  
SHOTS!

RUSTLERS! GOT AWAY WITH  
A DOZEN OF OUR BEST HEAD!  
I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM!



NO! DON'T GO  
ALONE! TAKE  
TIM!

I DARE NOT! HE HAS TO  
STAY BEHIND, DARLING--  
TO LOOK AFTER YOU! I'LL  
BE BACK, NANCY! I'VE  
GOT TO COME BACK!

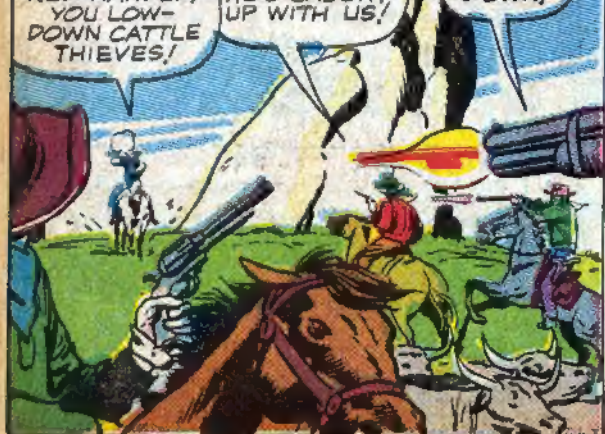


IT TOOK THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS UNTIL MARK MORGAN CAUGHT UP WITH THE RUSTLERS! AND THEN, WITH A SILENT PRAYER...

I'VE GOT YOU  
RED-HANDED,  
YOU LOW-  
DOWN CATTLE  
THIEVES!

IT'S MORGAN!  
HE'S CAUGHT  
UP WITH US!

GUN 'IM  
DOWN!



YES, MARK MORGAN RETURNED, AS HE SAID HE WOULD! HE HAD DEFEATED THE RUSTLERS AND RETRIEVED HIS CATTLE--BUT HE ALSO BROUGHT BACK A BULLET WHICH WOULD LEAVE HIS RIGHT ARM SEMI-PARALYZED!

OH, MARK--  
YOU'RE  
BACK!

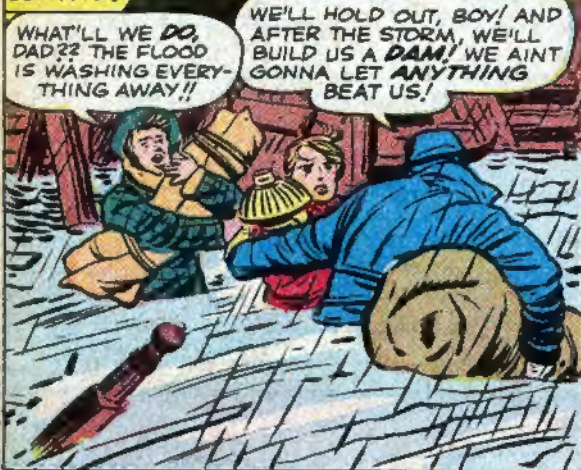
I-I PROMISED  
YUH, NANCY--

YOUR ARM!  
YOU'VE BEEN  
HURT!





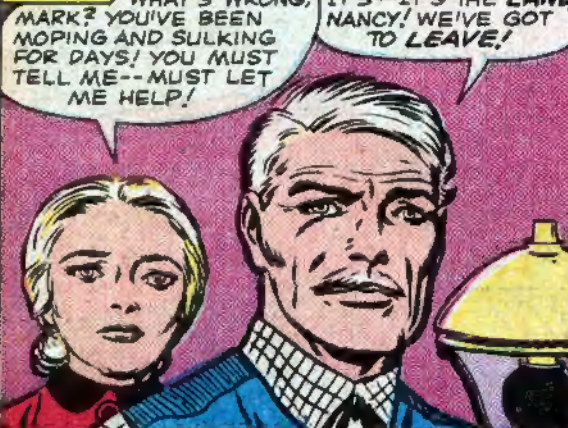
AND IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, MANY OF THE TROUBLES WHICH BEFELL MARK MORGAN WERE NOT MERELY MAN-MADE! THE VERY FORCES OF NATURE ITSELF CONSTANTLY CONSPIRED TO ALLOW ONLY THE STRONGEST TO SURVIVE!



WHAT'LL WE DO, DAD?? THE FLOOD IS WASHING EVERY-THING AWAY!!

WE'LL HOLD OUT, BOY! AND AFTER THE STORM, WE'LL BUILD US A DAM! WE AINT GONNA LET ANYTHING BEAT US!

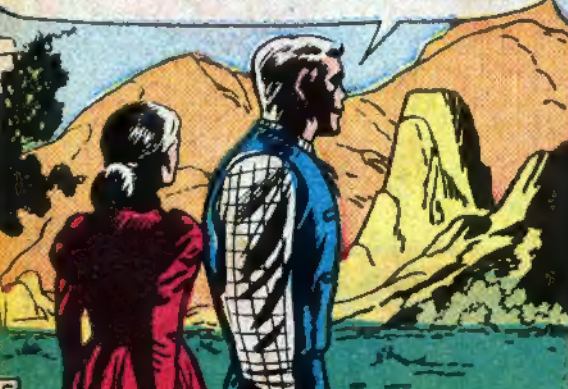
BUT THERE WAS YET ONE MORE DANGER FOR MARK MORGAN TO FACE! AND IT WAS TO PROVE TO BE THE ONE THREAT THAT HE COULD NOT DEFEAT!



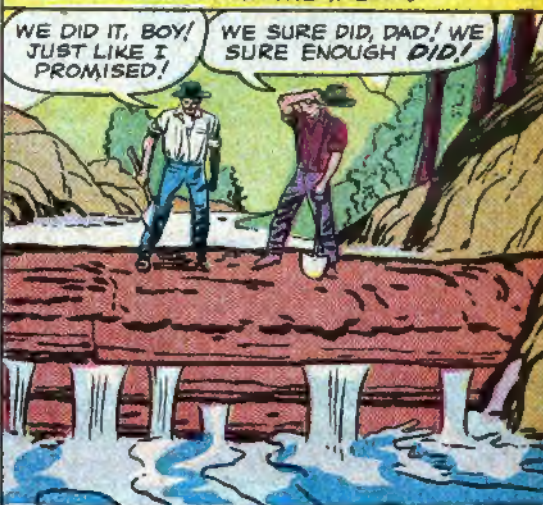
WHAT'S WRONG, MARK? YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AND SULKING FOR DAYS! YOU MUST TELL ME--MUST LET ME HELP!

IT'S--IT'S THE LAND, NANCY! WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE!

I'M A FRONTIERSMAN--A PIONEER! I GOTTA BE MAKIN' SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING--TURNING A WILDERNESS INTO A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY! BUT--WHEN IT'S FINISHED--THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! I CRAVE TO BE MOVIN' ON--TO FIND ME A NEW WILDERNESS!



MARK MORGAN WAS TRUE TO HIS WORD! A YEAR LATER, THE CHICKAWANNY RIVER WAS DAMMED, AND THE FLOOD DANGER GONE FOREVER FROM THE VALLEY!



WE DID IT, BOY! JUST LIKE I PROMISED!

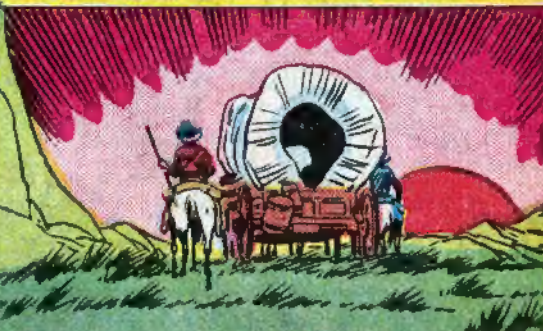
WE SURE DID, DAD! WE SURE ENOUGH DID!

BUT EVERYTHING IS FINE NOW! WE HAVE A PROSPEROUS RANCH--LAW AND ORDER HAS COME TO GILA COUNTY--AND WE CAN FINALLY TAKE THINGS A LITTLE EASIER!



THAT'S JUST IT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, WOMAN?? CAN'T YOU SEE?

AND SO OUR STORY ENDS AS IT BEGAN--WITH MARK MORGAN WEARY AND MUSCLE-SORE, MAKING HIS WAY THRU WILD, UNTAMED WILDERNESS, SEEKING A HOME SITE JUST OVER THE HORIZON!



--BUT THIS TIME THERE IS A DIFFERENCE! THIS TIME HE HAS A WIFE, AND A SON--AND OF SUCH STURDY HUMAN THREAD WAS WOVEN THE FABRIC OF THE GLORY OF THE WEST!

NOTE: OUR LETTERS SECTION APPEARS ON THE NEXT PAGE!

THE END

Of course you can subscribe to this magazine! Simply send \$1.75 for 12 issues (foreign subscription \$3.25 in American funds) to: THE MARVEL COMICS GROUP, TWO GUN KID, 2nd floor, 625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.





# RAWHIDE KID

APPROVED BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

34  
JUNE

MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP 12¢

SEE THE KID  
BEATEN BY  
"MISTER  
LIGHTNING!"

HE'S  
EVEN  
FASTER  
THAN  
THE  
RAWHIDE  
KID!

HAW! NOBODY  
CAN OUTDRAW  
MISTER  
LIGHTNING!



ATTACK,  
MY BRAVES!  
DEFEAT THE  
PALEFACE!

THERE ARE HUNDREDS  
OF 'EM! WE HAVEN'T  
A CHANCE!



"PRISONER  
OF THE  
APACHES!"